

MAY-DAY PICTURE OF THE WINDY
CITY'S HUSTLING SONS.

CHICAGO, May 12.—Chicago may be a town that is all hustle, but it is a fact that a man

The preparations for spending a day on any one of the piers are simple and few. The man goes to his office at 8 o'clock, finds a pile of traps waiting for him, glances at the outside of each, and then goes to a holding pen, opens the door and looks the door behind him. He tacks a notice on it saying, "Gone to Milwaukee on business; back to-morrow," yells "Down!" on the express elevator, and is shot to the ground floor. He buys a jointed wooden pole, sold every day at the pier, and a tin bucket which attaches thirty feet of linen line, price five cents. To this a No. 4 hook is tied and a large piece of lead for a sinker; cost, two cents. A tin bucket for bait is bought also; price, eight cents. At a total expenditure of a quarter the fisherman is ready to start. The bait is not likely to find. He buys a pocketful of cigars and, on the principle that every cigar is a good cigar in the wind, he buys them cheap. Down at the pier—north side or south side, it matters not—he will find a legion of small boys and street fishermen anxious to sell him a bucket of bait for five cents. The five cents is the ruling price for fine, flatly yellow, dancing about the buckets, their tiny sides gleaming like silver. These minnows are caught in large circular dip nets suspended from poles that jut over the sides of the pier and they are sold by the bucketful. The fisherman, at a haul. If the conditions for fishing are good, the fisher who arrives at half-past 8 o'clock in the morning will find trouble in getting a place from which to fish. The piers, thirty feet broad, run out into the lake for more than 500 feet, and are crowded with fishermen, men, women, and children, and old, that they touch elbows. Tanbushes are the usual thing, and it has happened more than once that a fish has come up to a separate hook, belonging to separate fishermen, landed in him, one in his mouth and the other in the mouth of the man next to him. At times the late comer can only stand and watch as some one gets tired and moves away. He

When the man who has fished off the Sixty-third street pier has gossiped with his friends and inhaled many cubic feet of fresh air, and smoked or given away all of his paralyzing cigars and strung his twenty or so fish on a line, he has had time to walk about a mile to the nearest bay, waded a quarter of a mile, and climbed on a car that belongs to Mr. Charles Yerkes. Being a Chicagoan he heartily damns Mr. Yerkes, though Mr. Yerkes hasn't him nine miles, safely, smoothly, and expeditiously for his ride. He has had time to walk to his car, rolled round in cornmeal and fried in breakfast-bacon grease, he rushes to his office at 8 o'clock, goes through the mail which frightened him on the day before and finds that it consists largely of duns and circulars from people who want to sell him things for which he can't find room. He has time to put on his coat, he lights a cigar of better quality than the pier brand, and braces himself for another day of desperate "hustle."

"Hazel" is Hassall.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: (Emphatically contradicted by the fact that the reference is to "Hazel" and "Nutt" is concerned. The name is not "Hazel," but Hassall. I am a nephew of the Mr. Nutt referred to and have the same name; it has been in our family for generations. Sincerely,
BROOKLYN, May 10, 1891. H. H. N.

**Committed Suicide, Maybe, After Steal
\$1,000 Worth of Poultry.**

FOX PRESERVES AVAILABLE.

Experiment of Breeding Silver-Gray Fox in Maine Successful.

SENEC, Me., May 11.—The experiment breeding silver-gray foxes in Maine is likely to prove a success. The so-called "Dutch perverses" on an island off the coast of Lincoln County, where the foxes have been bred for many years, and the proprietor has lately refused offer of \$5,000 for the foxes and good will of business. In Bowerbank a few men from Dorchester have taken 300 acres of land, stocking with 300 rabbits and five foxes, which have been bred for many years. The foxes gave birth to sixteen pups, eleven of which were white. One unnatural mother had killed her three gray offspring before the keeper arrived to prevent the crime. The white pups have been kept alive, and are now able to get along with the gray pups. The gray foxes and fellows and bid fair to reach maturity in good health.

The high price of silver-gray pelts has stimulated the breeding of these foxes. In a year ago the highest price paid for a silver-gray skin was \$100. Now it has risen to \$200. The best and fluffiest fur commanded this price. Since then the value of silver-gray skins has risen to \$300. The foxes are sent out circulars, in which the silver-gray foxes are described as being the best. The Fletcher, the custodian and chief proprietor, the Bowerbank preserve, refused \$500 for the foxes and good will. He says they are worth fully \$1,000 a pair and does not care to sell them at that price.

A LAMENT GROWLED OUT WHI

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from the odor and tried to take the taste of their mouths with Jersey lightning. E

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carr

upon his feet, clambering over the side of the net, tearing down a part of it in the process, and making off into the lake. Between South Cove Point and Flag Cove is three clear miles of water, and it is not surprising, therefore, reported having seen Ebenezer, the old hound, by the mouth of the canal, loafing about as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. The men that had caught him felt sure of their prize that they neglected to measure him, and it is probable that the exact dimensions of this turtle are lost to history. The most trustworthy estimates made at the time set his length at twenty-one inches and his weight at thirty pounds, which is a not much record among fresh water turtles. Ebenezer was as much of a fisherman and both lazy and cunning as befitted his calling. He managed his business so as to combine the least exertion with the greatest amount of exertion. It was all well enough for younger and more agile turtles to wade out to chase the elusive cat up little runlets leading to the water, but Ebenezer was too old for that. He would have none of this, but, preferred to let his prey come to him. He would wait until the water was low, and was at all times during the season of war, weather a favorite wayward for small fish, and thus attracted to the place, and on all occasions he would be ready to pounce upon them partially for his subsistence. Boatmen, pulling about the edges of Flag Cove, would be sure to catch him, and it was the big turtle at his fishing. At that season of the year the water was not very high, and not over three feet in width and it averaged less than a foot in depth along the middle of the lake. The turtle would creep forward with his under shell resting on the bottom. He would draw in out of sight, and with the water so shallow he would be sure to catch the prey. He would wait as motionless as a stone for the fish to come, and by the time he had fairly settled himself into the mud and the water had fallen to the level of the mud, he would be sure to catch the fish. He would come to examine what probably seemed to him a very good thing, and when he had swam past his nose, Ebenezer would dart at

ets

From the Bangor Commercial.

Of late years mackerel have not been seen off the eastern coast of Maine. One explanation was given Monday by a prominent fisherman of Southwest Harbor, who was in Bangor on that day, who said:

"We used to catch mackerel by the thousands in the spring and summer months. The fishing ships scoured them away. You know they run in schools, and once they get scared from a certain locality they never again run that way. That's the only reason I can find as to why they don't come any more nowadays."

"I have heard of a school larger than all the other of our common food fish. It is known that the fish migrate northward in the spring and southward in the fall. I have never seen one come from some unknown place that is seen to go back to the same place."

In May an enormous school strikes the coast of Yarmouth, N. S. This school evidently comes from the southern coast. From the size and general character of the mackerel, it is probable that it is the same school that we have no connection whatever with the great schools that come from the west and south from out of the deep sea to the east. When these southern schools have advanced as far as N. S. they are scattered and the mackerel lose their trace behind them. Then the veteran mackerel fishers come in from the north and south, and trace the Indian the Massachusetts coast, for it is there that the mackerel will next appear in large numbers. They are seen in numbers well into August.

There is a habit of the mackerel is well shown. Besides these general movements they have certain erratic habits that confound the fishermen. One of these is that they come from one place and disappear in the strange manner. There is no accounting for their movements and many have been known following their migrations. Old fishermen who have been catching mackerel for many years are the most mystifying of all salt water fish. They have learned to read the signs of the weather and the sea, and they can explain them, for even they account for the mackerel's movements. They are the great intuition. One may be a good fisherman of the denizens of the deep in a short time, but to va-

SENEC, Me., May 11.—The experiment breeding silver-gray foxes in Maine is likely

Bringing Up the Average.

(Old Rufus Gogblink, a slow, deliberate old man, dropped in one day in a casual sort of way to see his friend, Stephen Nobbler. It was the first time he had been in to see Stephen for two years.)

"I'm— You don't come in very oft—"
Rufus, said Mr. Nobbler.

"No," said Mr. Gogblink.

But he went in to see his friend Mr. Nobbler again the very next day.

"You're in here pretty often now—"
Rufus, said Mr. Nobbler.

"I'm—," said Mr. Gogblink. "I'm sort of bringing up the average."

"Is Hen coming with us to-night?"

"The Cheertual Liar felt backward over a projecting root in the neck of time, and the d

New Jersey championship at Orange and the Metropolitan championship at the West Side Tennis Club, which will give to the metropo-

will Miss Marie Wimer of Washington. The most important announcement of all, however, is that Miss Pessie Moore, who held the national championship in 1886, may return to the game. Moore, who is now 65, and in whom she can get into championship form again may take part in the Philadelphia tournament.

At the George Cricket Club has secured a week of Aug. 1 for an international invitation tournament, but this will be abandoned if English experts do not come. The latter will play at Longwood, and the English will be given a positive guarantee from the Britishers within a month. The team will leave the other side, however, until after the English championship meeting.

under water—would swallow the minnow, maintaining it vigorously as it passed head first through the cavernous jaws into the lo-

Five years ago when the spring fishing began at Sober Lake, Ebenezer was seen once again. He was seen in the same old canoe party, passing through the boat channel one morning, saw on either bank the trees and bent and broken bushes where a bear had once been. The lake was going to be called Sober Mountain, which name came and bristled from the peninsula below the canal. Ebenezer was gone and as he never reared to the eyes of man, his passing was associated with

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